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# *POEMS*

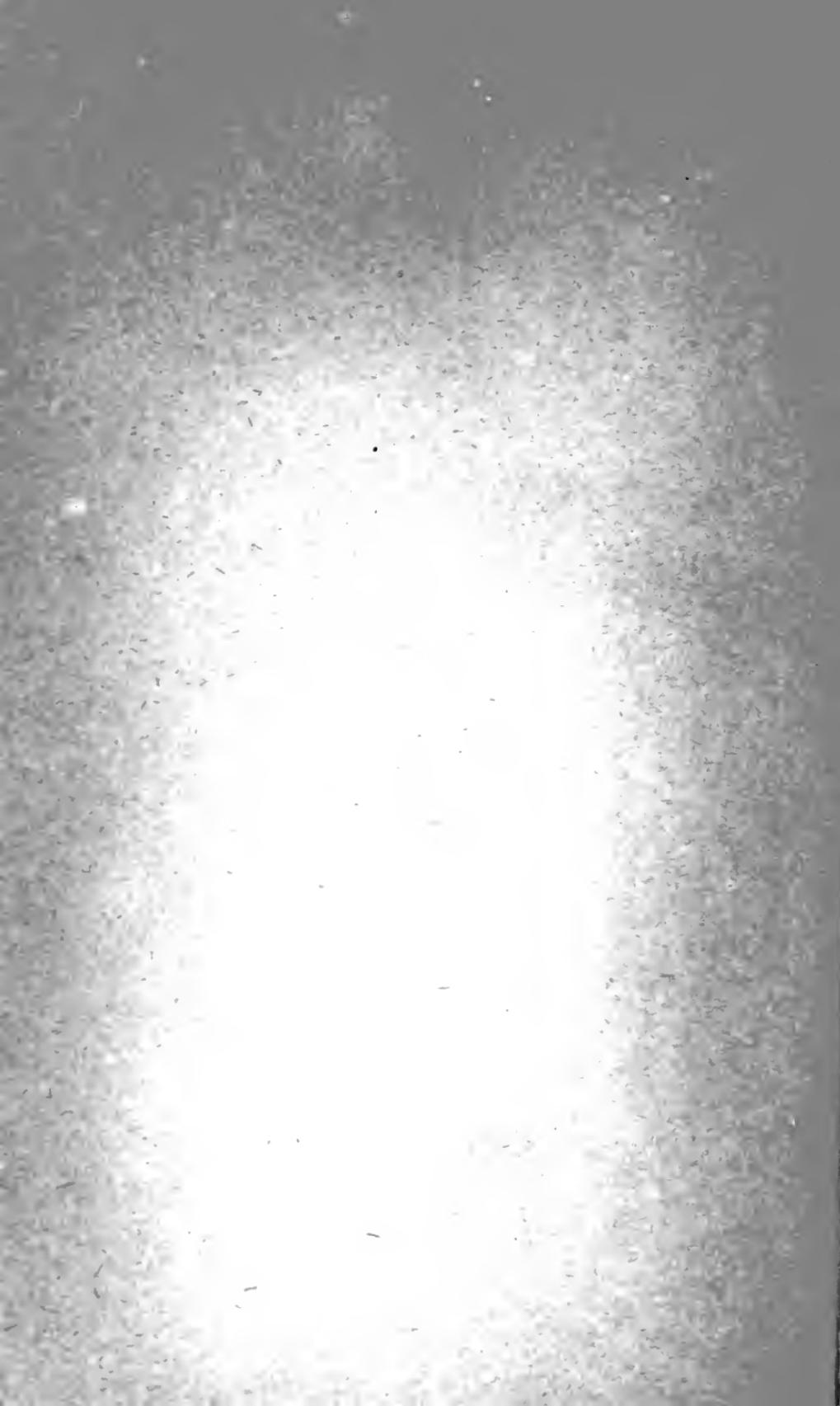
*by*

*OLIVER ORCHARD*



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## POEMS

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

# POEMS

BY

OLIVER ORCHARD

LONDON

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1898



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SCOTT

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## BALACLAVA.

---

FOR ages and for ages did the sympathetic crowd  
Assemble round the rhapsodist as he declaimed  
aloud  
The epic ballads of engagements on the battle-  
field  
Of those who made the fierce attack and those  
who failed to yield.  
For thus the poet's work was known before he  
learned to use  
The style that at a later date his verses did dif-  
fuse.  
From this we learn how warlike was the muse of  
olden days,  
Though love and beauty were not lost on those  
who won the bays.  
  
Long wars in full detail did not their skill so  
much attract  
As concentrated struggles, or some isolated act.  
Old Homer singeth little of the fighting of the  
multitude,

## 2

Of myrmidons who sailed to aid their chieftains  
in the deadly feud.

The common mind conceiveth best a contest in a  
narrow pale :

At Balaclava many fought ; but yet it is a single  
tale.

Impatient in their saddles sat the Light  
Dragoons that day

To see let slip a golden chance of joining in a  
fray :

The heavy men had met the foe, and made them  
wheel about,

And that defeat the Lancers could have turn'd  
into a rout.

What orders he might give my Lord had never  
learned aright ;

So Cardigan rebuffed the men, who begged to  
join the fight.

That leader was himself chagrined to think he  
was not free ;

But hobbled was he only by his own stupidity.

In him ineptitude had gained by jobbery a high  
command :

What lack just then there was of one, who could  
discern a chance at hand.

This loss of verdant laurels were the squadrons  
vexed to see,  
But soon from further error came their oppor-  
tunity.

“Some one had blundered.” So the great Pin-  
daric bard declared.

It rather seems that many simpletons that  
blunder shared—

The sender of the message, the receiver, and the  
bearer too,

Whose inexactitude and lack of care begat the  
coming woe.

Hilarious Comedy was on the field as well as  
Tragedy :

Stupidity and ignorance make merriment for  
those who see.

The hasty Nolan made a movement of his arm  
rhetorical,

And that was thought to indicate the spot on  
which the blow should fall.

A compass out a score degrees will send a vessel  
to the land :

A misdirection wide as that was taken from that  
flourished hand !

They were to save spiked English guns, that were  
within the captured fort :

But they were sent for Russian guns: and dearly  
was their seizure bought.

Begotten thus that tactically mad heroic raid,  
That bred the sorrowful reproach—" You've lost  
the Light Brigade."

The Chevalier, who brought the message from  
the Chieftain, saw too late

How futilely those gallant men were hastening to  
their lethal fate.

He sought with his extended arm to bring them  
to a stay:

But Death the handful in his sickle claimed, and  
hurried him away.

They did not see his signal meant that they were  
going wrong:

A shriek was all they heard before his corpse  
fell them among.

As speeds the raging torrent down its rough  
eroded bed

When clouds have poured a deluge on the region  
round its head:

Or as sometimes a mass of water-loosened land  
will glide

With terrible momentum down some noble  
mountain's side:

So ardently upon his cocktail mount raced on  
each bold dragoon,  
Hussar and Lancer: by his duty sent, and his  
reward renown.

He closed his eyes: the cannon was in front: the  
match applied:

He opened them to see an empty saddle by his  
side.

The bullet missed, although the musket in his  
ear did roar.

Ivan, that was an erring aim, that many did  
deplore—

Your father and your mother, if alive they still  
might be,

Nor less the village maiden, whom you never  
more would see.

Descends the fatal answer from th' inexorable  
steel

Too speedily, too forcibly, its bitterness to feel.

That sword had oft been curious to know the  
reason why

It had been made, and whether glory was its  
destiny.

Its pride would never let it think that all its  
work was done

When admiration it had bred by gleaming in  
the sun.

Discovered in a moment is its appetite for gore :  
Then ragèd it as though it were a new Excalibur.

So dealt they death around the guns ; but many  
stayed not there :

Back drove they swarms of cavalry, though few  
the British were.

They could but kill, and kill, and kill, and then  
go back again ;

They could not carry off the guns, and so to stay  
was vain.

Their fury told Liprandi that our troopers must  
be drunk :

'Twas new unto that Muscovite there were such  
men of spunk.

But not their fast the men, who broke his ranks,  
had broken when

With stedfastness they galloped half a league  
along the glen.

The force they fought with was their own. The  
supernatural,

That often mars a fight in ancient tales, not there  
at all.

So no St. George, St. Patriek, or St. Andrew flew  
about

To help the stalwart islanders the enemy to rout.  
Had they been there, they would have heard, 'tis  
said, with shocked surprise

Black sanctuses, that are, presumably, not  
uttered in the skies.

"It is magnificent, but is not war," was said by  
one,

Who could not think the glory for the losses  
would atone.

Nor could it then. But when such telling  
fierceness is displayed,

It is a priceless record, making blusterers afraid.

"Here come the Balaclava men," some future  
foe may say:

"We will return, and cross our swords with  
theirs another day."

## THE COLLIE.

---

AT nightfall by a shepherd and his dog  
Their care was being urged across a moor,  
To gain protection under homestead walls,  
And feast on cavings from the threshing  
floor.

In close array the social company  
With customary calm was jogging on,  
When suddenly without apparent cause  
Beyond poor Colin's vision all were gone.

How panic oft will seize their timid charge  
Is known to all the votaries of Pan.  
Tripartite fled this drove amidst the gloom,  
And left their herd a miserable man.

Not one of all the three skedaddling troops  
Could he with his efficient eyes discern.  
All search in vain : perforce he must alone  
Reluctantly his footsteps homeward turn.

His dreams, when sleep fast held his eyelids  
down,

No comfort brought him, for they were but  
ill :

But proverbs say, bad dreams betoken good ;  
And that befel him from another's skill.

No quest was necessary at the dawn ;  
But gladsome was the scene that met his  
sight :

The strays all rounded up showed him how well  
His collie, supperless, had spent the night.

The civic dwelling, or pretentious hall  
The collie's proper habitat is not.

No false appraisements cause him to prefer  
The pompous mansion to the lowly cot :

Though he need never fear to stand beside  
The finest objects in a house bedecked.

Full oft its owner may : whose boasted style  
May detrimentally himself affect.

The collie's beauty lowers, like the art,  
The faces of the middling and the cheap,  
To such 'tis said—" You'd better let him go  
And chevy to the fold egregious sheep."

The collie's place is on cretaceous hills,  
That have to rolling downns been waterworn ;  
Or richer valleys lying in between,  
Whereon the winter's fare of roots is borne :

On wilds to which no boundary is known  
Except the never country further yet,  
Where o'er the spacious run he'll guide his  
flocks,  
And where confinement ne'er will make him  
fret :

Where he at his appropriate task may pant,  
His inborn bent pursuing eagerly,  
Not made to undergo a lackey's part,  
Depressèd by the long insipid day.

A collie's paw should not a carpet know  
Except he jump upon a crowded drove,  
When those, whose heels are furthest from his  
teeth,  
Unheedful of his threats refuse to move.

Whene'er I see him by his beauty sunk  
To *sine dignitate otium*,  
I long to shift him, in the day to fields,  
At night to Corydon's sufficient home.

## FRENCH HONOR.

---

“LAY down that imitation of a manly weapon,  
boy:

Beat not the drum; nor blow the fife; but seek  
a girlish toy.

Thy folk have seen the foe stride o'er their soil  
these many years,

And are withheld from seizing on their own by  
dastard fears.

It looks not well a craven's progeny should swag-  
ger thus:

So play a game more suited to a breed  
degenerous.”

Such taunts may seem to have a spring in  
cruelty,

T' arise from exultation in another's woe. But  
see

The ways of this humiliated people: what they  
do

Whilst trembling at the voice of that buffoon,  
who shouteth so.

'Tis not that they, forgetful of the Battle of the  
Nile,  
In Egypt seek in jealousy a goodly work to  
spoil:  
'Tis not that phase of foolishness that makes one  
cry them base,  
But striking at the weak the while the strong  
they cannot face.

"Yes, boy, you may resume your military game :  
but seek  
Some *enfant* to maltreat, that's relatively small  
and weak.  
A nation lacking strength and skill that child  
would represent,  
And you the great and gallant force on her sub-  
jection bent."

In Madagascar was a race for liberty could yearn,  
But how to keep it, arms in hand, incompetent  
to learn.  
So there false feigning favorers of freedom did  
succeed  
In making Malagasy for their liberty to bleed.

Then filching from the Siamese, how easily 'tis  
done :

No peril, as in trying to wrest back the German  
bone.

Cut, France's victims, on your rocks and trees,  
“Alsace,” “Lorraine,”

The sight of which might make the landing  
thief sail home again.

## THE ALGONQUIN.

---

THE enterprising owner of a woolly flock in  
France

The value of its produce was determined to  
enhance.

So cast his ewes some lambs, that showed the  
very costly blood

Of Islanders, who their consent had seasonably  
wooed.

Then deemed Bonhomme that thus a gainful  
change organical

Had been established in his grey autochthones  
once for all.

But no. Experience taught him that the issue  
was not thus,

When foreign blood contended with the blood  
indigenous.

Not many generations had adorned his gregal  
cote

Before the strain exotic had been bred com-  
pletely out.

And so in time a very old established human race,

That's mixed with blood intrusive, will that newer blood displace.

As ancient faiths, supposed to be supplanted by some newer cult,

Soon hold the field again, a change of names alone the last result.

The typic countenances of the Yankees demonstrate

How freely with the Indian squaw their ancestors did mate.

They carry in their bodies now the aborigines,

Whose seed will fill the land again the poet prophesies.

Meanwhile the Algonquin having there imbued the Aryan,

Submissive nations find more virulent their blood-thirst than

Is common in a white community without a cause.

(Though doubtless to be over-looked that nation much abhors.)

Now may they ever slake that thirst at home  
amongst themselves, as once before,  
That messages of rowdy insolence may reach the  
meek this side the sea no more.

## MEANNESS.

---

If now a prize for meanness and ingratitude to  
kin  
Were offered, which of all our colonies the sum  
would win?  
They all attempt to beat the record of America,  
When France, subdued by British arms, she did  
no longer fear.  
Protected from the Dutch, South Africa, and  
from the German clown.  
By Japs and Chinamen Australia might be over-  
flown.  
For war New Zealand deeply dipped her hand  
into the English purse.  
And Canada the same: and in the future may  
do worse.  
A vastly valuable prior claim to Tasman's isle  
we lost  
When clamour led us to withhold our convicts  
from that ugly coast.

To carry on *their* wars, oh, what a mighty mass  
of gold

The colonies have drawn from Home could be  
by records told.

And now the niggards yearly offer us a sum so  
small

For their defence, t'would better look, if it were  
none at all.

A quarter of a million from the lot ! Just think  
how base !

No more than that to help the great protector of  
the race !

And all the while they keep on piling up their  
debts immense—

The money spent on works amongst themselves  
with little sense.

Their breasts know nought of honor, justice,  
gratitude, or love,

Or they possession of such feelings by their acts  
would prove.

Tenfold, nay, twenty, thirty, forty-fold as much  
they'd give

As now they do, if they'd for decent reputation  
strive.

## PAST AGES.

---

ARCHAIC man by Hesiod was told,  
The pristine human age was one of *Gold*.  
To us research in recent times has shown,  
That verifiably it was of stone.  
But bards for knowledge look not much around :  
In fancy they believe it to be found.  
('Tis said, however, Hesiod got his lore  
From Hindustan, where it was taught before.)  
But though the haloed man in fact was wrong,  
I think the error better was for song.  
This by the way. We find then in his page  
That *Silver* symbolised the second age.  
When into shade that emblem had to pass,  
Its place was taken by the blended *Brass*.  
Then came an age, that had no metal stamp :  
A time, it seems, of *Heroes* on the ramp.  
The color of the poet's time was grey ;  
For *Iron* was the metal came to stay.  
The golden age alone of all was blest ;  
By dreadful ills the others were oppressed.

Eight centuries had passed, or nearly so,  
When Ovid's pen retold the tale of woe.  
I take it both these bards were wrong to say  
The newest eon drove the old away.  
Though each in turn predominant might be,  
Its rivals sank not into nullity.  
Old ages have a way of staying on  
When younger eras wish that they were gone.

Maybe that Naso thought his metals four  
Would end the roll, and there would be no more.  
He knew no facts from which he could surmise,  
A time of *Lead* from eastern lands would rise :  
That Rome, the centre of his world would be  
The nucleus of mental tyranny.  
Yet so it was. For twice five-hundred years  
Free play of thought from Europe disappears ;  
Or nearly so. *Dark Ages* is the phrase,  
By which we designate those nighted days.  
“ You mustn’t think, but listen to what’s said.”  
So spake Authority, e’en now, alas, not dead.

Renascencee came. The men of clearest sight  
Cast off the leaden load with vast delight.  
They thought that daybreak ushered in the day ;  
That superstition would be swept away—

Mistaken estimate of human mind,  
For clear-eyed receptivity is rare to find.  
So knowledge fails to knock upon the head  
The life that lingers in the sottish head.  
With pall more darkling than our yule-tide sky  
Ecclesiastics strenuously try  
Bewildered intellects to overspread,  
And smother all the light that's in them bred.  
Authority, which loveth not the light of day,  
No scruples knows in seeking to retain its sway.

Nathless an eighteenth century alloy,  
For trinkets suited, or for childish toy,  
Not unrelated to the metal third,  
And mimicking the first in way absurd  
By sage observers is now held to be  
The proper symbol of the century.  
Some satirists with much success engage  
To prove that *Pinchbeck* dominates the age.  
'Tis so. That mongrel lays a rightful claim  
To stamp this spangled era with his name.  
He utters this humiliating cry,  
The truth of which no mortal can deny—  
"This bogus age is mine: for see I am  
The most appropriate symbol of the sham.  
My worth metallic may indeed be slight,

But superficially I am bright.  
'Tis I, who claim hypocrisy to represent,  
And guileful voice, that saith the thing that is  
not meant :  
Old sacred ceremonial use of meaning reft,  
With tongue tucked into brazen cheek, and hand  
passed over left.  
Each modish feint and hollowness and make-  
believe,  
Or virtue, when 'tis purely false, and seeking to  
deceive ;  
All clinkant unreality, and all affected rant,  
All specious pretences, and all Anglo-Saxon  
cant ;  
And every insincerity, and Anglo-Saxon cant ;  
And every sort of humbug, and all Anglo-Saxon  
cant :  
And all that's disingenuous, and Anglo-Saxon  
cant ;  
And all things that are spurious, and Anglo-  
Saxon cant ;  
And all the things that are 'so-called,' and  
Anglo-Saxon cant ;  
And impious propriety, unbacked by solid good,  
That sinketh man beneath the line, at which of  
eld he stood ;

Or thinking curiosity to stifle with a lie,  
Debases little intellects by driving them awry.  
Survive some antiquated eras as they may  
'Tis I, Pinchbeck, who am the Princeps of the  
day.  
See how I dandle on my knees the best Society,  
And see how they do yield my claim to their  
subserviency.  
My brummagem emotion glows at sight of  
loyalty:  
To me that dulia inane is very nice to see.  
I love t'observe the Levee"—where they angle  
bodies, which  
Would soon be straightened out again in answer  
to a switch.  
" Now what's the proper counterfeit, of which to  
make a throne,  
From which the strength and dignity are  
altogether flown;  
The orb (seek not its origin), the sceptre, and  
the crown,  
Not wanted for Justinians, but only [I regret to  
say that I have lost the rhyme for *crown* ;  
but hope some day to be able to find it  
again. Meanwhile the reader is requested  
to excuse the incompleteness of this line];

And coronets that make the snobs upon their  
faces fall

Adoring empty titles, not the legislative hall?  
Why, surely *Pinchbeck* is the stuff of which to  
make them all."

Ah, truly, that base counterfeit puts forth a  
rightful claim

To stamp our world respectable with his offensive  
name.

Ah, patient hearer, of such nasty things the  
thought

Does make me feel so—queer. Aha! You've  
brought

Some spirits strong! Your slings are my  
delight:

But yet, were not my stomach in such qualmish  
plight,

I should not be so ravished at the sight  
Of "gobble," "gobble," "gobble," \* \* \* hight.

I fear the subject matter has made you

In your inside feel nauseated, too.

Yes. Let us to the garden sweet repair—  
That source of healthy bliss so lavish—There  
Vivifie O, inhaled from the air,  
Enlivening will prove, and we shall better fare.

## FUTURE AGES.

---

Of any age to come we know not if there is an  
element

Would rightly symbolise its mental character,  
or moral bent.

Unknown is what is far away, or even at the  
door

Of human habitations, to rejoice at, or deplore.

Sheer foolishness, or ignorance, or arrogance, is  
shown by those,

Who speak as if the things to come must be as  
they would choose.

In our haphazard polities one cannot confidently  
say

If public self-respect will sweep a rabblement of  
Peers away :

If unconcern and snobbery will still combine  
t' uphold a throne,

Or men of mental dignity ere long rejoice to see  
'tis gone :

If knighthood-seeking pens will still address  
their lying flattery

To one, in whom illimitable wisdom they pretend  
to see :

To one, in whose official title Irony itself doth  
dwell—

A flagrant sarcasm, that constant usage even  
fails to quell.

For mental poverty will more *More Leaves* the  
present record break :

And will there be therein sufficient cups of tea  
to fill a lake ?

A wider view to take in time, and in the human  
race—

How soon, how far, will better sentiments the  
bad displace ?

Will comfort and will comeliness be blasted by  
respectability,

Or will they from its harassing and cramping  
stare be ever free ?

And will a priceless ethical susceptibility  
Still run to waste on mawkish decency, as now  
we see ?

Will th' offspring of emotions exquisite, that in  
us lie,

Be told to hang the head before mechanic progeny?  
 Or, will th' insatiable licit lechery be sniggered at,  
 Which crowds the nurseries without the where-with-all commensurate?

Will men misuse with gross impiety expressions like, "obscene,"  
 Or will they substitute for all irreverent taboos the view Divine?  
 For all Intelligence throughout the universe esteems absurd,  
 And worse, the way that noisome Prudery degrades a deed, or word.  
 And all men, who have knowledge and free intellects, discern  
 That common sense would Mrs. Grundy's senseless precepts burn.  
 In that respect, compared with nobler ancestors, we're sunk so low,  
 Resilience to more celestial thoughts is greatly needed now.  
 Yes: they saw things much more as viewed by Wisdom in the sky,  
 Whieh manifestly disapproves to-day's fig-leafery.

Churchgoing pleasant: easy Sabbath keeping:  
will they still  
Be thought the vacant place of kindness to fitly  
fill,  
Of honesty, and equity, and truth? Will super-  
stition's mode  
Be held to make a better man than reasonable  
honor's code?

Will they, who deem their teacher a divinity, and  
call him Lord,  
Continue to play fast and loose with his authori-  
tative Word?  
Will they ignore, as inclination bids, each bur-  
densome behest,  
Whilst shocked at those, who his authority dis-  
own for all the rest?

How many more will Personal Equation's plead-  
ing listen to  
Than those, who Competent Observer's valid lore  
desire to know?

At each man's moral right to toil or play upon  
the week's first day as he may like  
Will superstition and base selfishness blows  
legal, and yet very wrongful, strike?

And will this superstition be allowed by dwellers  
in a fickle clime  
To lessen snatching farmers' opportunities in  
harvest time :  
Oft worsening thus, when rain abounds, of bread  
and hay the quality ?  
Or men in wrath declare a custom so injurious  
shall not be ?  
The eyes of coughing Club, and broken-winded  
Matchett ask us why  
So damaged was the hay. Truth oft replies—It  
was the *Lord's Day* lie.

Will clogging, cumbrous clothes be worn beyond  
the wearer's need  
Because a mad-brained modern modesty has so  
deereed ?

If certain 'twere that people, who are virtuous  
and wise—  
Whose happy heritage is one of noble qualities—  
Would multiply more quickly than the folk,  
whose character  
Is evil : then mankind will better be than now  
they are.

But if the vicious, snobbish, selfish, cruel,  
prudish, gross,  
Should add to their posterity more rapidly than  
those,  
Who are not so : it may with certainty be under-  
stood  
No inculcation will avail to make the issue good.

Behold with what unusual speed is stocked the  
pious home :  
The population therefor more religious should  
become.  
But then some day the saints may choose celi-  
bacy again,  
And thus diminish by a life of continence their  
own domain.

By some the mechanician's art is pointed at with  
pride :  
But do the mass keep step with him in his  
amazing stride ?  
We see, though great the skill, which frames the  
automatic press,  
It prints th' attenuated *Daily*, and the *Weekly*  
*Shallowness*.  
The issue of superior publications is more rare :

The current taste is known to be for fiddle-faddle  
fare.

When periodicals lie tabled for the first desirous  
hand,

By wear 'tis seen how very much *The Flimsy's*  
in demand.

The graver monthly, when its time is up, re-  
maineth clean :

The quarterly, if cut, expires apparently un-  
seen.

The white man now stands half-way 'twixt th'  
Athenians of old

And negroes. But so high a rank he may not  
always hold.

By tolerance of boarded horrors and of ugliness  
'tis clearly shown

Our own community in taste and elegance is  
lower down.

Fallacious may th' expectancy of Progress prove  
to be

In intellect. Perhaps we're now more near  
degeneracy.

Machinery is lessening intelligence, I trow :

An aptitude for drudgery in mills is wanted now.

The school will not the place of that old-time  
Selection take,

Which gave advantage to the strong in mind  
above the weak :

When carefulness and readiness to toil were not  
enough :

But mother-wit was needful for the loaf and for  
the roof.

Machinery is dwarfing now the stature at the  
loom :

The small, paid equally, want less of food, of  
clothes, of room

Than bigger people. So, in circumstances  
easier, they,

With equal thoughtlessness, will multiply more  
rapidly.

Some think that in th' industrial strife the white  
man will be thrown

When working on new equal terms with yellow  
men, or brown,

Or red, or black. It is conceived the lower types  
will thrive

In crushes, that deny the whites th' ability to  
live :

Unless, indeed, they should, through want, sink  
gradually down,

Deprived of any characters that give a higher  
tone.

How many are the animals that long the world  
did know,  
Of which no individual can be discovered now?  
It may be, ere th' *hominidae* have colonised the  
sphere,  
They will before some microbe altogether disap-  
pear.  
Some little germ may make a prey of all  
humanity—  
Some germ till now innocuous and too minute  
to see.  
Or, may be, all will die of dread conventionali-  
ties;  
Or else, belike, be stifled in an atmosphere of  
lies.

E'en now may Evolution spy on land, or in the  
sea,  
Some creatures that will take our place with  
much propriety.  
Indeed, perhaps, successions come before the  
solar heat  
Abates so much that all the earth is in a winding  
sheet.

If other creatures ever rise to our degree of mind

How puzzled will they be our works throughout  
the world to find.  
Machinery will worry much their minds inci-  
pient;  
And later they will try to find what our inscrip-  
tions meant.

## WHAT IS HE WORTH?

---

STRENGTH, color, and docility, intelligence, and speed,  
And all the points apparent that denote a goodly steed,  
Saith *Apuleius*, in his *Self-Defence*, considered are  
By any one, who seeks to buy a stallion, or a mare.  
But trappings placed across the creature's back, however gay,  
Do not increase the value of the horse in such array.  
Analogously, he avers, you should esteem a man For what he is, so far as any one may ascertain. Possessions adventitious you should wisely disregard—  
A title, or position, or illimitable hoard.  
For anything extrinsical, that he may boast as his,  
You should not, vulgarly, saith he, an individual prize.

A wretched Neo-Platonist was he, who idly twaddled so.

If living in this land of light, he would much better know.

## THE OXFORD ADDRESS.

---

“LORD Salisbury’s view of the process of Natural Selection is peculiar to himself.” (*Professor A. Russel Wallace. Natural Science. September, 1894, p. 165.*)

“The burlesque of Natural Selection, with which Lord Salisbury amused the public.” (*Herbert Spencer. Nineteenth Century. November, 1895, p. 749.*)

“We find nothing in Lord Salisbury’s address [at the Oxford meeting of the British Association in 1894.] which shows the spirit of the student, or of the man of science.” (*Karl Pearson. Fortnightly Review. September, 1894, p. 339.*)

'Tis not in politics alone we find  
A title maketh Britons parcel-blind :  
So overcome with rev'rence that they fail  
T' observe they hold in hand a biased scale,  
With which they weigh th' ability of those,  
Whose rank a just appraisement disallows.

Amongst the Votaries of Science, too,  
A "Lordship" doth the judgment overthrow!

The Noble Salisbury was not the first  
Who, failing in his subject to be versed,  
Was cheered into a scientific Chair  
Because of peerages he was the heir.

He scarcely owed at Oxford thanks to those,  
Who let him there his ignorance expose—  
His ignorance of that grand theory,  
That gave new eyes to all who wished to see—  
Of that momentous message that came forth  
To arrest the thoughts of intellectual worth—  
Of that accumulated lore at Down  
That made to heark'ning men their phylon  
known.

This man of words, adept in flouts and jeers,  
On any day for five-and-thirty years  
Some knowledge of what Darwin *really* taught  
Within the master's volume might have sought.  
What folly not to study well the foe  
Before he tried to work his overthrow!

One thought of times of old when men would  
strike

At counterfeits of those they did not like :  
That, when their dolls received a murd'rous  
blow,  
Their enemy might likewise suffer so.

My Lord looked not ridiculous alone :  
For leader-writers were with him at one.  
They swore that Evolution had been slain,  
And never should we hear of it again.  
T' hypothesis (of which they knew as much  
As pigs) had died at the magician's touch.  
So " brilliant " was the speech, they all averred :  
Such " brilliance " shone from every weighty  
word.

Next year, at Ipswich, the address was " dull,"  
Because of valid knowledge it was full.  
Does " brilliance " spring from darkness, or  
from light ?  
From darkness, if the " men of words " were  
right.

But not to " men of words " will Darwin yield,  
Nor prepossessions drive him from the field.  
A thousand facts, ten thousand, must be shown  
To be misread before he is undone.

## PARVENUS.

---

OII, nigger-minded parvenu, banana-fingered man,  
Your breeding is the same as when your climbing life began.  
By wealth, won honestly, perhaps, you're hoisted very high  
To live a life uneasily of careful mimicry,  
Or legally. But may one ask what rules and hours knew  
The toilers, by the travail of whose faculties your fortune grew?  
And say: if they were shown in gilded letters on your mansion's door,  
Would such a record make your new magnificence seem less, or more?  
Would readers of them think that you had rightly gained a high estate,  
Or rather that they all the credit for your rise annihilate?  
Would any passer-by exclaim—"How sordidly this hoard was made:

And yet the owner likes to have his pitilessly  
gotten wealth displayed."

With blood that's manifestly blood you hope  
your son will wed,  
Though mongrels, all too plainly such, can only  
thus be bred.

As soon as dawns their intellect the offspring will  
begin  
To shun with great persistency their father's  
lowly kin.

Unpleasant in the days to come the spectacle,  
you'll think,  
Of children, who from those you love are seen  
with shame to shrink.

Now, should you to your native grade toboggan  
down again,  
A rank you are not suited for seek not to reattain.

When our associate planetoid sheds lustre o'er  
the sky  
Of being seen contrasted with such elegance be  
shy.  
It is a sight occasioning æsthetical distress  
When you are thus conditioned—on a lawn in  
evening dress !

'Tis then they say—"The artist does not wrong  
him very much

What time a merry mischief gives his hand a  
mordant touch.

Discernment aptly guiding his delineating style,  
Anticipates that limner the appreciative smile  
Of those who weekly struggle for the pages that  
are square,

Where pictured is the ridicule of those that  
longer are.

For millenaries many ere the westering Aryan  
With glowing hope and enterprise his crowded  
barks began

To beach on that sylvatic isle his seed would  
over-run

Ground races dwelt within it that had thought  
the land their own.

Of lower type by modern scientific estimate,  
Although in homely worthiness they were  
perhaps as great.

But, if a more plebeian caste essentially they  
were,

From guessing that you issue from their loins  
what does debar?

Prepotency will oft prevent a mingling of the  
blood,

And you may represent the early dwellers in the wood.

The Zodiac has circled overhead from then till now

Observing the proceedings of the curious race below:

To some good fellow of the cirque the opportunity

Of speaking I will seek, and then will ask how this may be.

---

When rolls along the Lady's Mile your equipage bedight,

The Sun's unkind, if he on you doth cast unveiling light.

'Tis not before the bats come forth that you a drive should dare

To take, oh linsey-woolsey marm, behind that prancing pair.

Those scions of Poseidon's gift yield pleasure to the eye,

And so in looks they damage you by their nobility.

And croucheth in your lap a foe, that's more injurious still,

Whose native beauty maketh yours t' appear  
much less than *nil*.

Before the throng a grand display on making  
you are bent;

But far their eyes place you below your own en-  
vironment.

“ More money I'll not spend t' excite the envy of  
the crowd,”

You'd say, perhaps, if e'er their tongues declared  
their thoughts aloud.

## THE MUSIC POET.

---

“SWINBURNE has uttered no line that lingers in the memory; has uttered nothing that resembles a thought. Mankind are not given to quoting Swinburne.” (*Encyclopædia Americana*, Vol. III., p. 630.)

One poet may have thoughts, that he to lucid utterance is fain to wed:

Another but align euphonious words, as children pretty beads upon a thread.

A reader may take lasting hold of verses yielding truth unto his grateful mind:

And yet for sterile lines, however gay, his memory may still refuse a place to find.

Abundant truly are the rhymes of one, of whose effusions showy much is heard:

But has one little particle of all the mass been ever made, as yet, a household word?

(If one avers that also of the laureate’s lifelong poetising this is true,

Maybe th’ assveration is not one that strict veracity would disallow.)

## THE FOOT-PATH THIEF.

---

To helmet-peaks rise up saluting hands  
Towards men, upon whose shoulders they  
should fall :  
From County Bench look down some rogues who  
should  
Be gazing up at spikes upon a wall.

But Justice overlooks the footpath thief,  
Who is immune to righteous punishment,  
Though, if She took her equity from me,  
To prison labors he would soon be sent.

Bold enterprise showed highwaymen of old,  
Who ran a risk of being hurried hence :  
And even common robbers courage need :  
Enough for footpath thief is impudence.

His purse he balances against the means  
Of any, who may wish to fight a case :  
There's not a Darwin always near at hand  
To play the part of Hampden in a place.

That we are now a real democracy  
Is feigned by placemen, who cajole the mass :  
In one another's faces must they smile  
When bills with clauses treacherous they pass.

So now the village voters have the charge  
Of getting back to us our rights of way :  
But Parliament well knew how they'd be  
trounced,  
If e'er they dared t' oppose the toparch's sway.

An independent state-paid officer,  
Who, smiling at the scowl of grizzly bears,  
Gives all our losses back, though ne'er so old,  
May fate allot us in the future years.

The foot-path thief belongeth to a class,  
That always was to plunder sadly prone :  
The land itself they stole from those same fools,  
Who, lacking self-respect, restored the throne.

With barricades paths now may be annulled  
By seizers, who possess sufficient cheek.  
More frequently an owner publishes  
The claim he has to be esteemed a sneak.

For often, if from any single point  
 A private path and one that's public go,  
 A notice proper to the former's placed  
 That so it warneth off the other too.

And boards, that duly threaten trespassers,  
 Are placed so close upon a lawful route  
 That so they seem, besides the fields and woods,  
 To cover all the right-of-way to boot.

In places where footpassengers may go,  
 But not a hoof, or any sort of wheel,  
 The stranger's told the *road's* no thoroughfare  
 In terms that carefully the *path* conceal. -

Then aid is sought from brooks that make a  
 swamp  
 Through wasted banks neglected carefully,  
 Or thorns that choke an alley in a wood,  
 And fluster him, who seeks that way to hie.

It seldom giveth pleasure to a man  
 The wreck of his own property to see :  
 Yet ruined bridges over rivulets  
 May throw an owner into ecstacy.

One trick one hardly may denounce, though oft  
     A stranger is deceivèd by the dodge,  
 When thoroughfares appear no longer so  
     With gravel smooth, and entrance-gates and  
         lodge.

As heavy maledictions as were cut  
     On boundary stones five-thousand years ago  
 In crude Akkadian Equity would write  
     On miscreants, who steal the footpaths now.

On private foe there ran from Ovid's pen  
     A lengthy, poignant, multifarious curse :  
 So I a publie enemy denounce  
     In not less hearty, though inferior, verse.

“ Now may the very absence of a path  
     That your own greediness did abrogate,  
 Cause you, oh, foot-path thief, to go astray,  
     And bring on you a well-deservèd fate.

With toil may you describe throughout the  
     night  
         Large circles in a much entangled slop  
 Until you run upon some crusted mud,  
     And find your feet a yard below the top.

May you be clutched as tightly as a fly  
By *Drosera rotundifolia*,  
Although your dreadful destiny be not  
Beneath that clammy mass to disappear.

Unable from such stocks your feet to draw,  
May you bethink you of the Dreamer's slough,  
And see how aptly he the word *Despond*  
Connected with the state, which now you  
know.

From hunger may you suffer and from thirst,  
And whilst those dreadful wants afford you  
grief,  
May your fixed state entail a plethora,  
From which you know not how to get relief.

And may coryza seize you by the nose,  
That soon assumes the hue of sepia  
From fingers that have grappled with the mud—  
'Twill draw from you that oldest root-word—  
Kah !

And may your dog be taken in a trap,  
That's set for vermin, or a poaching puss ;  
And may his lifted muzzle oft emit  
Howls dismal, thrice-repeated, ominous.

And may you in imagination see  
InnumEROus imps awaiting your demisE  
WhenevEr to the swinging boughs above,  
Enshrouded by the gloom, you raise your eyes.

*In situ* may you stay till laughing men  
A dung-crome foul, to haul you out, shall  
bring,  
Your eyes as charm'd by that rude tool as were  
Queen Esther's by the sceptre of the king.

And may you learn, as soon as carted home,  
That all the wealth, for which your wife you  
chose.  
Her promise-breaking relative bequeathed  
In such a way as makes her lachrymose.

*En masse* may all your cartridges explode,  
And render you insensible to sound,  
Unable more to hear your children's glee,  
Or e'en the village scandal on its round.

Then, if a shocking story, that involves  
An elder of the little meeting-house,  
They tell by signs, may you suppose they mean  
Th' imparsonee, whom you yourself did  
choose,

May landscapes lost to tourists fraudfully  
Be suddenly a memory to you,  
Your eyesight ruined by the shot of one,  
Who previously your hatred on him drew.

And may the earth, whilst your deceitful lips  
Are asking aid to keep the Eighth Command,  
Gape wide, and make your excretory heir  
A conscientious owner of the land.

Bethold the doom that will you overtake,  
*Unless full restoration now be made :*  
Oh, fear the commination, and do so,  
And thus the retribution will be stayed.

Itinerary rights alone are sought :  
There's no request for generosity,  
The exercise of which might make your friends  
Assume that you a lunatic must be.

And, therefore, if you're not of those, who find  
That useful 'tis to be accounted mad,  
We will not ask from you direction posts,  
Or seats to make the weary traveller glad.

## TAMMUZ.

---

THERE was a mountain stream, which by  
Phœnician Byblos ran,  
Got reddened by the soil: a sight which led  
myth-loving man  
To found thereon a tale of death. The story  
spread abroad,  
In after years annexing more than one myster-  
ious Lord.  
The worship born thereof still lives in changed  
and changing form:  
It may survive some millenaries yet, or may be  
near its term.

## A SUGGESTION.

---

SUPPOSE the throne essential ; sure, much better  
would it be,  
If we a beautiful young damosel thereon did see.  
How much would her traditional antipathy be  
stayed,  
If Erin saw upon the common throne an Irish  
maid.

TO MRS. GRUNDY.

---

OII, muddle-headed and unwholesome female,  
you  
Have surely Torquemada in your blood and Tar-  
tuffe too.  
The love of persecution, which has left a shame-  
ful stain  
On history, is quite exuberant in you again.  
An *Era of Deceitfulness*, as this is, suits you  
well:  
You revel in impostures, that all honest minds  
repel.  
Enchanted with th' hypocrisy distinguishing  
this isle  
You hesitated not therein to fix your domicile.  
To wallow in a sea of falsity you deem so nice.  
Taboo of all straightforwardness makes you a  
Paradise.

## EVENING DRESS.

---

Of alamodes that have their roots in vulgar-mindedness,  
Not least contemptible is that of wearing  
“evening dress.”  
If th’ upper circles ever gain a proper sense of  
dignity,  
This senseless moult crepuscular we shall no  
longer see.

## NARROWMINDED SYMPATHY.

---

ALTHOUGH, as citizens, they help that Government to make,  
That doth the welfare of three-hundred millions undertake,  
Some narrowminded folk, who never care to study well  
If all the best is done for those who in their empire dwell,  
On learning that some rogue has tried to steal a man's estate,  
Or that some wife has made an end of her detested mate,  
Discern therein a cause that holds their sympathy for years.  
Midst countless ills one spurious ease of wrong exhausts their tears.

A CAB some never hesitate to take to catch a train,  
Who yet are shocked to hear the Windsor stag's been chased again.

Each one of countless collared slaves would  
gladly take the place

Of any hornèd animal, that's nurtured for the  
chase.

He'd hold himself in readiness to play the  
quarry's part

If thus he might escape that everlasting cab, or  
cart.

They are too many to engage a narrow  
sympathy:

The troubles of a single beast is all that some  
can see.

## HYPNOTISM.

---

SOME animals won't meet a steady stare from  
other creatures' eyes,  
Lest, being hypnotised thereby, they give a  
chance a foe would seize.  
So maids solicited avert their orbs, or drop their  
lids half way,  
Lest, being hypnotised by gleaming globes, they  
fail to answer nay.

---

OF land the limits orators dispute with vigor at  
the bar :  
Of good and evil, right and wrong, the limits the  
philosopher.

*Apuleius.*

---

SHAKESPEARIAN tragedies still hold the foremost  
rank : but I confess  
To me a very little way below them stands the  
drama, *Tess.*

## TO AN ENQUIRER.

---

WHY I attempt to write in verse do you desire to  
know?

'Tis this—I've bought a "Rhyming Dictionary" in "The Row."

So am I like the sooty king, who needs to war  
must go,

Because of noisy powder he has got a keg or  
two.

Besides—my fancy told me that it was the Muse  
Inspired my tardy mind. How could I her  
refuse?

So cast not on the work so cross a frown.

I'm sorry for your taste. Oh, don't the book  
throw down.

Eh? Yes: I was just now confessing to myself  
aside—

And secretly to you alone, dear sir, the fact con-  
fide—

Although to cross my arms athwart my breast  
I greatly tried,

I did—before you spoke—regard th' attempt  
with not a little pride.  
Some lines, indeed, as you suppose, got rather  
out of hand;  
How mulish verses often are, how restiff to com-  
mand,  
If you're a bard, you know. For now they race  
ahead:  
And then—flog on, flog on—you fear your lofty  
thoughts will ne'er be said.

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